

The Red Man.

— HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE. —

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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[Selected.]

ALL'S WELL.

Prophetic Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me;
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to be!
Thy witching dream
And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power;
Thy promise brave
From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.
* * * * *
My wealth is common; I possess
No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far less
Than treasure shared by every soul.
Talk not of store,
Millions or more,—
Of values which the purse may hold,
But this divine!
I own the mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day,
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold dust.
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears;
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his
Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream
As morning drinks the morning star.
DAVID A. WASSON.

FOR THE RED MAN.]

OLD FETTERS.

In the warm May sunshine of the Indian Territory a cottage with grass and great trees before it, trees bright with the thick foliage of early summer; a stretch of timber land on the left through clearings in which shone the bright waters of the Washita. Between the cottage and the river lay the road to the agency buildings three miles away, a road travelled by lumbering wagons more than by lighter vehicles, by foot passengers, men, women and children with dark faces, lank hair, and dress sometimes Indian, sometimes toned by borrowings from the apparel of civilization, but most often by riders who seemed one with the horses they rode with such dexterity and at such speed. Yet frequently, as it was that morning, the road lay deserted from western to eastern horizon. No other house was within sight, and at such times the cottage seemed alone on the earth. On the right of it was a garden marked out and planted, for rows of green showed between the furrows, and stakes were driven around the plot to mark the line of the unbuild fence. Behind this garden, and behind the cottage stretched

acres of land under tillage, and beyond these the grassy plain waiting for the hand of the plowman to finish his work. And the plowman?

The May air came softly in at the open windows of a little room in the cottage, a room with furniture of the simplest kind, but with its smallness expanded to limitless space, its simplicity turned to the home of all mystery by the shrouded figure upon the bed.

Beside this stood a woman. The face lying there and her face bent over it, the one in its last pallor; the other pale with suffering were yet dark with the blood of a race long outcast from the happy shelter of just laws and freehold homes. But now that justice and kindness and help were awaiting the race, these two had come back to lead out their tribe to the new earth, to tell them of the new heavens beyond their heathen fancies and of the Fatherhood whose protectingness was far beyond that of the Great Spirit.

And who knew of all this as the one of them did now, lying there with lips that would reveal nothing?

The woman pressed her lips more tightly together and her tearless eyes fastened themselves more earnestly upon the still face. Skill had done its utmost, kind voices had sounded in her ears, kind hands had helped her ministry, she had seen tears in the eyes of those who but the other day had seemed strangers. Yet of what use had it all been? What was fated had come, and Natalie Osandiah was with her dead.

Yesterday she had thought that Capea was well. "In the midst of life we are in death." She had heard it said so often. This was what it meant.

She knelt beside her husband, put her arm above his head and laid her cheek against the face that for the first time had no response to her tenderness. In her yearning for look and voice even the frail clay in which his soul had lived was unspeakably precious to her. Whether this presence of absolute calmness kept her calm or her anguish had not yet made way for itself, she knelt there as motionless as the form beside her.

In the room beyond were her own kindred. But in her grief the gulf between herself and them had grown wider. They were Indians in thought and life, and wedded to Indian ways. She had understood their spirit from the first; she had not forgotten them in her school life; it was Capea who had wanted to come back from the East, it was he who had led; she had only followed him unwillingly. Now he had gone, and she was left alone to fight out the battle between the old and the new. Even now it had begun again. For beyond the door they were waiting to draw her back into the life of her own tribe and to bury her husband with their own rites.

But all that Capea had told her to do should be done, she would follow his guidance so long as that was left to her.

And then?

But it was into the past that her thoughts went, to her happy school days and her happy married life at the school. She had a right to love these, and to be proud of the school, for Capea had been one of those who had helped to make it possible; he had been the leader of the sixteen among the prisoners at Florida who had elected to stay at the East and be educated; he had shown the country what it was possible for the Indians to be and to do.

She remembered her failures best. Selfishness she could not atone for now, words

she could never unsay, these smote her with the unconscious revenge that the deaf and silent dead bring. Yet she had loved Capea well, and he had known it. Did he know it now?

Acquaintance with Capea went back as far as memory. When she was a child she had seen him growing into manhood bright, brave, skilful in the use of his weapons, fierce in battle and of an untamable spirit, already a brave, and destined, so said the men of his tribe, to become a great leader, hating the white man as a usurper and a tyrant. Yet this was the man who yesterday had been living among his people in the guilelessness of truth and the security of peace, guiding the plow to set an example of labor, and speaking to them of the new life, new hope, new powers, of a nation of which they were a part, a nation greater than all their tribes, and a reservation which reached from ocean to ocean. It had seemed hard to believe that it had been the same man, hard except when anger and menace had met him from the leaders of his tribe. Natalie remembered when one day the young men had threatened him with violence for turning back from the ways of his fathers, had scoffed at the plow in his hands. Then Capea had shown that he was still a warrior. How his eyes had flamed, how haughty his bearing had been. Could they teach him fear? He had taught them, even then, enough of his purpose and of his power to send them away with their eyelids lowered and a new force working in their hearts.

A sound in the next room roused her, she rose, opened the door, and standing with it in her hands, said

"Where is Richard? Will some one bring him to me?"

A woman in Indian dress rose silently and went out. Her face was swart and seamed, her features strong, her eyes piercing, her hair grizzled. She was tall and her bearing had a certain dignity as if she were not unmindful of being the daughter of a chief, and the wife of one.

In a few moments she came back leading a child of four years. The other Indian women in the room had not spoken or moved. One was Natalie's younger sister, she might have been twenty, a tall figure, large framed, her long hair braided down her back, her features stronger than her mother's, her eyes softer. The other two were older than Natalie, their dress showed that they were women of rank in their tribe, but their inert faces proved the absence of mental growth, as their bearing did of training. It was not only the unconscious dignity of grief which made Natalie a strong contrast as she stood there silent holding out her hand to the boy who snatched from his play, was coming forward reluctantly, pulling against the grasp that drew him on and rubbing in his tears with a grimy little hand. But he ran to his mother.

She caught him up in her arms and went into the silent room again, closing the door behind her.

Was she going to hold this boy between herself and the force that would attack her? She kept him in her arms and stood looking down at his father. She knew what Capea had hoped for his boy. Was she pledging herself to make him such a man?

The smiles with which the child had greeted her gave place to a wondering intentness, and as Natalie stood motionless, all at once he sprang forward in her arms, and crying, "Wake up, wake up,

papa," laid his little hand against the still face.

He drew it back and began to sob with his head on Natalie's shoulder.

"Papa will wake up sometime, Richard. Look at him now, to remember him." But he only clung to her the closer.

"No, no, mamma, Richard come to-morrow. Richard go now, go, go, mamma." Natalie shivered. A thought that she had thrust away came back in its horror.

Was she still an Indian woman with the old superstitions deepest of all?

She carried the child away.

Capea Osandiah's funeral was as he had wished it to be. The missionary at the agency who loved him, for the two had worked together, led the services. No Indian rite, no touch of the old customs marred their simple beauty.

None knew how hard Natalie had struggled to insure this immunity.

As the procession of white people and of Indians passed out of sight of the cottage, another procession much shorter and of very different character drew toward it cautiously. Here were twelve Indians finely mounted and in complete savage costume. Fastening their horses to the trees, they found an easy entrance to the house. A few of them had been among those who visited Capea with threats. Now, in spite of his apostasy, something should be done for him. They said this. But was it this? Or was it that at last their turn had come?

It was at her husband's grave that Natalie's longing for her school, for those who had made her fit to be his companion, who had understood him at his best and would give her the fullest sympathy rose almost to a cry. If only the friend there who had loved him from his captivity could have looked into his face once more; for it was he who from the day that the Kiowa warrior of eighteen, a prisoner of war, had been brought before him had seen what was in the boy, it was he who had in Florida treated Capea like a prisoner of hope, who had noted all his noble qualities, he who had seen the fidelity of nature that made him grand and whose confidence had stimulated this, he who had led him in the ways of duty, and by words simple and few had filled this Indian warrior with great thoughts and new hopes concerning his race until his soul was on fire with the inspiration. And Capea had seen that this inspiration was more than favor to himself, however great this may have been, more than personal affection, however strong this may have been, was larger than any personality for not he alone but all the prisoners had had opportunities, he had seen that it could be explained only by that human brotherhood which had been revealed to him as the evidence of Christianity. His allegiance to the Great Spirit had broadened and heightened into Christianity.

And so, by his greatness he had helped to open the gates of the reservation to his people. If he had only staid at the East.

In Natalie's home everything was in motion. The whole house seemed alive. In all the rooms, on the stairs, in the yard, in the stable, everywhere, were hurrying figures. At one of the windows appeared an Indian with bed and bedding in his arms which he tossed out. Chairs were pitched after them, the bedstead, wrenched and broken, gouged the wall as it went past. Two bureaus filled with Natalie's treasures, her own possessions, her husband's and her boy's followed. The closets were emptied of wearing ap-

parel, the kitchen of its utensils, a pretty set of China, a gift from Capea and the pride of her heart, was broken into bits as it was tossed upon the growing pile in the front yard. Every article of furniture, every knick-knack that Natalie had collected, all Capea's books were thrown together, nothing was spared. Some then set the heap on fire, while others ransacked the stable and fed the flames with Capea's wagon and all his farming implements. As they did it they shouted in derision that he had chosen these instead of the weapons of a warrior and these were what should follow him to the happy hunting grounds. Did he expect to plow there?

His cattle were driven off, and then his ponies were brought out. Would they, too, be sacrificed? The practised eyes of the marauders ran over the points of these fine animals, and then turned upon each other. They spoke no words, but they tied the ponies to the trees near their own horses. Then they chanted their spells over the fast-vanishing household goods.

A distant sound.

They sprang upon their horses, and leading Capea's ponies, dashed off. When Natalie returned, the smoking ashes of all her worldly goods greeted her. The desolation of a house stripped to its walls was added to the desolation of death.

She was grateful to the friends who were indignant for her and who helped her, grateful for the promise of the agent that the marauders should be made to pay for their work, grateful for the sympathy of the missionary shown in more efficient ways than by his reiteration that this outrage came from want of courts of justice in the Territory.

Yet these kindnesses could not bring back the familiar things that Capea had used.

Then the bitter struggle came. Daily, hourly, the old set itself against the new. From the outside circle were innuendoes, scoffs, jeers, a silent contempt that Natalie was not above feeling; but her brother, her mother, her sister were the strongest foes of the life she wished to live—no, the strongest was deep in her heart, a sympathy with their superstition that would not die, and that she feared above all things they would discover. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they played upon it mercilessly.

But first they appealed to her ambition and to her loneliness.

"Capea was a good man," they said, "but he is dead, and now come with us. You can be to your tribe something of what he might have been before he went away; you know many things, your people will look up to you, you can be a wise woman, a guide, and we want you; you are ours."

But she saw how different was Capea's work from their conception of it, and she had her boy.

Her brother came one day and found her in the field overlooking an Indian whom she had hired.

"You plow?" he asked scornfully. "Where you get plow?"

"I am finishing my husband's allotment," she answered him, "he never liked work half done. Come and help me."

He turned away. But he said no more about her plowing.

All this was dreary. She was full of homesickness for the home that was not.

But it was through her dearest affection, her boy, that the danger came. "Capea turned against the gods of his fathers," they began. Natalie shivered, but she held her head proudly, and as in a death struggle she held her faith, too.

But this was not enough.

One day her mother came to her.

There was a new impressiveness in her manner.

"Capea turned against the gods of his fathers," she began—all the repetition of this had not ceased to make Natalie inwardly tremble, "he died suddenly," she went on; "but not in battle; the gods in their anger slew him." Then coming close to her daughter, she added slowly, "You turn against them, they take your boy,

they slay him all at once, they like children."

Natalie's heart stopped. But she turned her imperturbable Indian face upon her mother.

"There are no gods," she said. "There is only one God. He took Capea? Yes, I know it. He —" Her voice failed her, and her mother's keen eyes noted her pallor.

But it was alone that night after Richard was asleep beside her that Natalie knelt with her head on the floor praying. The next day her sister came. It was in awe-struck tones that she repeated her mother's words, and the eyes that looked into Natalie's had a wistfulness in their terror. "You watch," she added, "You have sign, may be the boy give it."

The mother uttered a cry. Richard's words about his father had never gone out of her heart. "It is not true, it is not true," she said vehemently, and she caught up the child and held him close in her arms.

But this only brought them back the more forcibly. She dropped her face upon her boy's neck, and the great tears came, and then the sobs, until the tempest shook her like a leaf. Her sister tried to console her. She begged to stay with her. But Natalie sent her away.

All that night she sat awake. It was but little after sunrise that leading Richard by the hand she came to the agency buildings.

"Can you give me work here?" she asked, "something that will keep me with you while I am doing it? Is there nothing?"

"I am in need of an interpreter," said the missionary, "if you will take the place."

So the old fetters were broken.

But, for her boy's future, Natalie still turns her eyes eastward.

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

SENATOR PLUMB'S VIEWS ON INDIAN EDUCATION.

From the remarks of Hon. P. B. Plumb, of Kansas, in the U. S. Senate, on the bill making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, we extract the following in regard to how and where the Indian should be placed to make the most rapid advancement:

Mr. PLUMB said: It is proper to say in connection with this subject that many of the vices of the system of Indian education are inherent. They grow out of misunderstanding the requirements of the Indian. They grow, to some extent, out of the misguided efforts of philanthropic people. They grow out of the fact, too, that neither the people of the United States nor Congress representing the people have heretofore addressed themselves as thoroughly to the situation as they ought to have done.

I am entirely persuaded myself, and I am satisfied that the country will ultimately come to the same conclusion, that what is needed is not the segregation of the Indians from the whites, it is not gathering them on Indian reservations, but it is their dispersal at the earliest possible moment among and absorption in the great body of the people of the United States. The Indian can not, as a rule, maintain himself and keep up a condition of necessary progress upon a reservation even with the protection of the laws. The civilization by which he will be surrounded is aggressive, forceful, and to some extent rapacious. He can not maintain himself in contact with the whites while under the tribal relation, nor can he do so in a condition of severalty, as a rule, except with the result of a descent in the scale.

He is so situated and constituted that he will take, by that kind of contact, the vices and not the virtues of the whites. He needs the sustaining power of civilization, and he needs it applied to him as an individual and not in tribal capacity, and he needs it, too, applied to him in such a way that he is not the subject of cupidity. Just as long as an Indian holds a considerable body of land there will be men around him who will seek to take advantage of him, and who in one way or another will accomplish that, who will get control of his estate, who will get control of his operations, and they will do that by pandering to his vices; and no amount of protection which the Government can throw around him will prevent it from being done.

The remedy is to take the Indians as far as possible away from their reservations; it is to scatter them among the people of the United States; it is to put them in positions where their qualifica-

tions, whatever they may be, will be not only recognized but they will be protected from the effect of their weaknesses.

I have insisted for many years, vainly however, that the proper plan for the education of the Indian youth was to give them the smallest portion of what might be called book learning, and the largest amount of that education which comes by contact—to put them out among good people in families, in places where whatever aptitude they had could be developed, for work upon farms and in shops, and by the helpful aid of those who would take an interest in them to strengthen and to aid them in learning self-support, realizing always that they have got to begin at a rather low plane; that it is not possible to take an Indian and by the mere process of school education put him upon the plane of the white people who have been generations in doing that which he is now expected to do in the course of a few years.

Mr. BLAIR. Would it improve the matter if these schools, instead of being located on the Atlantic, were located right upon the reservations and sustained there, and civilization introduced among the Indians so largely and so symmetrically as to be able to effect a lodgment there, to set an example there, so that industrial as well as ordinary instructions could be laid there on the spot among the Indians and held in mind by observing and by witnessing as well as by actual instruction in the schools? Would such a system benefit the matter?

Mr. PLUMB. Any system which educates them on the reservation, in my judgment, is a mistake; that is to say, which seeks to educate them as to anything else except for the performance of what might be called the duties and avocations of a pastoral existence.

Mr. BLAIR. What will holding in severalty do?

Mr. PLUMB. The Senator asks what will severalty do. Severalty will do this: If you can put them under conditions in which they will not be subjected to the opportunity of acquiring the vices of the whites—give them time, generation after generation following, to build up in an increasing scale to a better condition of things, no doubt; but the trouble is that we are not willing that they shall do that. We pay our money, and we want results at once. We want to take these Indians from their reservations and put them in a condition where the white boys and girls of the United States are. We are trying to do too much at once. We are not giving them instruction in that which is primary to them.

We educate at Carlisle, and no doubt well, so far as the mere education goes, the Indian children in the various trades. They learn to be blacksmiths, they learn to be harness-makers, they learn to be carpenters and wagon-makers, and so on; but there is no employment for them when they go back to the reservations or a very limited employment on the reservations from which they came. The Indians are not the greatest consumers of wagons and harness, of the blacksmiths' work, and things of that kind. So the mechanics we educate at such great expense find little or nothing to do.

Mr. BLAIR. They do go back?

Mr. PLUMB. They go too much.

The following provision is found in the bill:

"For collecting and transportation of pupils to and from Indian schools, and also for the transportation of Indian pupils from all the Indian schools and placing of them with the consent of their parents under the care and control of such suitable white families as may in all respects be qualified to give such pupils moral, industrial, and educational training under arrangements in which their proper care, support, and education shall be in exchange for their labor, etc."

That was first inserted in the Indian appropriation bill many years ago upon my suggestion, but with full and active concurrence of the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. DAWES]. He and I agreed in substance upon it, and if something of that kind had been carried out in a large way, if the people who are indulging in so much talk about Indians, if the Indian Rights Association, which meets annually at Newport—if some of the philanthropy, which finds vent in high-sounding speeches about the injustice that has been done to the Indian, could be turned in the way of carrying into effect the idea embodied in this section—taking the Indian children from the reservations and placing them in good white families, surrounding them by influences which are not only wholesome, but which would lead them in the direction of self-support, they would find their place, not in the higher ranks of society, not perhaps in the politics of the country, but in avenues, modest enough to be sure, but in which they could be useful and in which they would gradually build up, grow, develop, and become useful members of society. It is only by contact of that kind, by the supporting influence of a civilization which must not only surround them, but become interested in them, that the advance desired can be made—not that contact which they necessarily incur on the reservation.

FOR THE RED MAN.]

COLONIAL INDIAN WORK.

In these days of interest in the Indians, their education, and all that appertains to them, it is not without value to look back and see what the colonists of our country did for the native red man.

At a very early date there was a society or "Company for propagating Religion among the Indians." In 1713, Honorable Samuel Sewall and Penn Townsend were agents for the company; appointed from England. Their instructions, in regard to allotment of land at Martha's Vineyard "purchased by the Honorable Corporation for the service of the Indians there," were as follows:

The gentlemen are to enquire of them whom they take to be the most capable of advising them, among the Inhabitants of the Island, and hear what Advice they may offer concerning the best methods for the settlement and improvement of the land at Gay-Head and elsewhere; that it may answer the Ends of the Honorable Company in purchasing it.

Competent and Convenient portions of this land are to be by them assigned unto the Indians for to be inhabited and Cultivated by the Indian families. Each of the families to know their own allotment. But whether they shall be Equal allotments or proportioned unto the Condition of the several families is left unto the Discretion of the agents when they arrive upon the place.

That part of the land which will remain after the Indians have their portions allotted unto them, shall be Leased out unto Tenants, at such Rate, and for such Terms, as by the Agents may be thought most Reasonable, so that there may be something of a Revenue from thence toward the support of the schools and other good interests among the Indians of that Island. And the Indians are to be fully informed that what Revenues do arise from this Land will be wholly applied for their benefit and advantage.

There should be some suitable Factor for the Commissioners left on the spot, who may after the return of the Agents go on with such Things as they may be forced for want of Time to leave unfinished; and pursue such Directions as the Commissioners may from time to time Transmit unto them, about agreeing with Lessees and receiving of Rents, and other points that may call for the Management of some Discreet person there. The Commissioners will rely on the nomination which these their Agent may make for this purpose.

By Order of the Commissioners.

PETER SERGEANT.

BOSTON, September 21st. 1713.

This is one of the earliest records of work by the New England colonists, as instigated by the worthy men of England. Chief Justice Sewall, was a man who above all things, loved to see justice meted out to the Indian and all races. He may not have been more efficient or interested than his associate Mr. Townsend, of whom very little is known, but he had it in his power to do a good work among the Indians and he accomplished more in his day than any one supposes. Indomitable perseverance, the ability to carry out his convictions, a mind that grasped many things and held them without conflicting aim until his purpose in each was accomplished; these were some of his many remarkable traits of character.

As showing how very practical he was in his work with the Indians, we find in 1696 he gave to Harvard College "lot No. 4 in the N. W. part of the Pettaquamscutt purchase, for and towards the support and education at the said college of such youths whose parents may not be of sufficient ability to maintain them there especially such as shall be sent from Pettaquamscutt aforesaid, English or Indians." The college sold this property about 1830.

Before this conveyance of property he also disposed of another lot for education's cause, or as he describes it, "toward the procuring, settling, supporting, and maintaining a learned, sober and orthodox person from time to time, and at all times forever hereafter, to instruct the children and youths of the above mentioned town Pettaquamscutt, as well as English there settled, or to be settled, as Indians the aboriginal natives and proprietors of the place, to read and write the English language and the rules of grammar."

In 1823 the school was removed from Tower Hill to Kingston; the land was sold

and trustees appointed to hold and invest the proceeds and take charge of the school.

Chief Justice Sewall was appointed Secretary of "The Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians" in 1699. In a letter to Sir William Ashhurst in May 1700, he gives his views as follows:

May 3rd 1700.

HONORABLE SIR:—The last Fall, I had notice of my being entrusted with a share in managing the Indian affairs, And presently upon it, the Commissioners were pleased to appoint me their Secretary. As I account it an honor to be thus employed; so according to my mean ability, I shall endeavor to faithfully serve the Corporation and Commissioners, as I shall receive Instructions from them. I have met with an Observation of some grave divines that ordinarily when God intends Good to a Nation, He is pleased to make use of some of themselves, to be instrumental in conveying of that Good unto them. Now God has furnished several of the Indians with considerable abilities for the work of the Ministry, and teaching School, and therefore I am apt to believe, that if the Indians so qualified, were more taken notice of in suitable Reward, it would conduce very much to the propagation of the Gospel among them.

I should think it requisite that convenient Tracts of land should be set out to them; and that by plain and natural Boundaries, as much as may be; as Lakes, Rivers, Mountains, Rocks, Upon which for any Englishman to encroach, should be accounted a crime. Except this be done I fear their own Jealousies, and the French Friers will persuade them, that the English, as they encroach, and think they want more room will never leave till they have crowded them quite out of all their lands. And it will be a vain attempt for us to offer Heaven unto them, if they take up prejudices against us, as if we did grudge them a living upon their earth. * * *

Your Honors

Most humble Servant

SAM. SEWALL

This letter gives the clearest idea of the writer's views upon the Indian question, and leads us to believe that if more of our New England ancestors had been likewise liberal in their sentiments, and charitable in their views, there might have been less trouble now in solving one of the greatest problems of the day.

CECIL H. C. HOWARD.

For THE RED MAN.]

FROM AN APACHE CAMP TO A CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The story of Carlos Montezuma's life as told by himself.

The Apache tribe is located in the mountain regions of Arizona and New Mexico. They are the most warlike tribe that the United States has had to contend with since 1848. The greater part of the Apaches have never seen a white man, but they fear the race as "char-wha" (enemies).

I remember my grandfather, who had grown gray in the service of his tribe. He never saw a white man but he had heard of the white man as a great being who had thousands of things at his command, such as horses, grains, clothing, and other articles which were a wonder to the Apaches. A needle or a looking glass among them would be as precious as a diamond to a civilized people. This is one reason why they have been swindled so much.

My father's name was Co-cu-ye-vah. He was one of the prominent warriors of the Pinal Apaches. He was five feet six or seven inches in height very broad and muscular with a broad forehead, hair cut down on the shoulders and parted in the middle, according to the customs of many Indian tribes.

My mother's name I have forgotten. She was taller than father. I remember her as being a good mother, so much so that I often thought when I saw Indian children orphans, if my mother was dead I should rather die, too.

I am the next eldest of four children two of them girls and the youngest a boy. My elder sister's name was Co-waw-sapuch-a; the next, Ho-lac-ca (sore-nose); the two babies had no names, my name was Wassaja.

Among my earliest recollections is one that stands prominent, namely "The War-path."

Runners were sent in different directions to carry invitations to neighbor-

ing friendly tribes to participate in the exercise.

I had the pleasure of seeing them gather from all quarters in their gorgeous attire. One of their duties was to burn up everything they could lay their hands on, so women were kept busy hiding their valuables before the arrival of their visitors.

This ceremony lasted only during that day.

At night the council was held, when the Pipe of Peace was smoked.

Then came the Medicine Man to prophecy what the weather would be and to proclaim the significance of his dreams whether bad or good, and to bless all who were from distant parts for their homeward journey.

I remember the time when the Indians returned from their victories with their trophies such as cattle, grain and clothing.

On the day of their arrival women would be busy fixing things for the war dance in the evening, while men would kill and dress the meat to be eaten.

At night, the little Indians would begin to form around a large bonfire in the center of a large circle, while older ones were busy preparing the feast. The men wore eagle feathers; their heads, arms and legs were painted with many colors; the war-clubs, or any thing else that they might have, were ornamented. The women would paint and fix themselves, and the children would do the same.

Now, you behold an Indian war dance! Here you see around the camp fire warriors from scalp lock to moccasin, painted, feathered and armed to the teeth.

The victorious warriors stand dignified in the centre and hold the pole that has the scalp attached, while the others savages encircle the man and whoops and yells are heard that would awaken a dead white man.

After this programme they had a regular dance and a feast with music and singing. This generally lasted all night.

The Apache dance resembles that part of a white man's quadrille when the master of ceremonies cries out "Ladies and Gents back and forth."

I was old enough to remember my father marrying another woman. This made my mother very jealous, so much so that she made several attempts to commit suicide.

Mother loved me dearly, and so did father. There was a time when they agreed to separate, mother insisted on keeping all the children, but father wanted me, she was to have all or none.

At this time I remember we children were leaning against her, while the quarrel continued until father rushed forward and pulled me away from her. He had gone but a short distance when I squirmed out of his grasp and at the same time pleaded to let me be with mother, for I loved her best, I said. Seeing that his efforts were in vain, he let me go back to her.

Another time I remember well, when father had come home again another quarrel began until father became so angry that he was looking for a stick to whip mother with. I was looking on. Not a word did I speak, but I could not endure to see my mother whipped by any one, though he were my father.

I knew where my father kept his bow and arrows, I slipped into the grass hut and got them. He was struggling with mother, while she was crying and protecting herself in the best manner that she could. My two sisters were crying and trying in their feeble way to help her, when I returned. Father raised his stick to lay the first blow upon mother's back, when with my bow and arrow I raised and pulled back with all my strength in front of his face, and at the same time said, "You put a lash upon mother this arrow shall be yours." He did not strike, but wrenched the arrow away from me, and other Indians came to mother's rescue. After this father left the other wife and once more happiness prevailed at home.

Our last stopping place was situated upon a plateau surrounded by a small valley. Towards the south little peaks were scattered ending in an open prairie while on either side and to the rear were

mountains. The village was composed of several hundred inhabitants. The warriors received information from another tribe who had returned from a certain military fort where they were provided by the Government with those things which were necessary for them, and where they had signed a treaty. Hearing of this, the braves of our place who had never seen a white man, but feared him, now started on the war-path, and tramped toward the rising sun, leaving their dear families with the Great Spirit, having the assurance that when they returned the same sweet voices that had bidden them farewell would welcome them home. We children and our mothers the next day anticipated the return of our fathers. Alas! the night came as usual, hope, expectation, disappointment had been lost in sleep; we were awakened by shouts of the war-cry, echoes of musketry and the crackling of fire.

In my fright I ran for life. As I was running along I overtook my two sisters, the older one carrying the younger on her back. I passed them, and continued on my way until I stumbled and fell.

There was a bush near by, and I crept into it, and looked around to see if I could discover any one, and noticed only a short distance away a tall man approaching. I drew back my head and held my breath, but he got hold of me. I gave one of my loudest yells and pleaded for my life. He took me back over the same ground that I had come in running from the house. I saw something lying in front of the house. I took it for my mother. Never having seen a dead person, I closed my eyes until I was commanded to stand. I was crying all the time. I heard a familiar cry beside me. I opened my eyes and to my surprise next to me was one of my playmates, I looked farther on and there was another and another. There were thirteen of us standing in a row.

My attention turned next to the fire which was in front and all around us, blazing away above the treetops. I thought this big fire was for us. I imagined I could hear my flesh sizzle. A little on one side I saw a body with just enough life to give forth a few terrible groans, and a little further on, in the midst of a blazing fire was a sight which I shall never forget. It was a dear mother with her babe; she was wounded and had been thrown into the fire. The babe was held to her breast by one of her arms, while the other was extended and her hand clenched. The child suffering from the heat, cried "Oh, mother, mother!" until silence in death, while the brave mother would reply, "Child, be still! child, be still!" She also died in great agony.

After this we were taken to where some horses were tied. Having never seen a horse, I was again frightened out of my senses. We were put upon the horses and tied to the riders in front and were carried off that night. Being very tired I went to sleep on the horse and do not remember anything further except that I have just the slightest recollection of being taken from the horse and laid on the grass.

In the morning before I was really awake I thought to myself, "Was I not captured last night by the enemy?"

No! it cannot be."

I tried to ward off the idea by thinking, "I have often dreamed that I fell over a precipice and have awaked in the morning and found myself alive and well. This must be a sort of dream."

By this time I had really awakened. I took the cover off my face and looked. Yonder was a horse grazing and on one side there were Indians sitting around the fire.

"Oh," I thought to myself, "I wish this was a dream also." But it was real.

What a change! The freedom of childhood—the mother, father, sisters and brother all gone and I friendless and treated as a slave.

Heartbroken and hopeless I was pondering over this state of things when two girls came towards me, and called me by name. They were my two sisters. We sat there weeping and talking of what would become of us. In my great grief this was a glad meeting but we were soon separated

and again tied upon the horses for our journey.

This continued three or four days before we reached our destination.

I was owned by three of my captors. As a stranger in a strange land and in captivity, to me they were horrible people. To them I was a great curiosity.

During my stay with them I thought every moment that I should be killed. I did every thing they told me to do, so as to show my worthiness but one day an old Indian came forward with an ax and motioned to me to take it. When I saw that I began to cry out saying, "Are you going to kill me with it?"

Nothing would persuade me to carry it.

They treated me very kindly, fed me on pumpkins, corn and horse meat, and I must not forget to mention that they provided me with a pair of pants.

I remember the last morning well. It was very warm, the sand along the bank of the small river was beginning to grow hot. The Indians began to gather around like a swarm of mosquitoes at evening. I began to be a little suspicious. I saw them talking and pointing at me, some would laugh while others seemed to pity me.

At last, I was commanded to take a box and follow my master. He placed me on the box and beckoned me to stay there. As I sat there I saw the Indians gathering, they were gayly painted, some one color and some another. Suddenly, I heard a hideous war-whoop. They came forward one by one according to rank, the women and then the children with tomahawks, arrows, spears, war-clubs, and all sorts of war implements. Some had kettle drums and others horns for music. They formed a large circle around me. I cannot express how I felt. I thought my last day had come. There I sat alone, friendless and frightened in the midst of them, crying with all my might. Now and then one of the warriors would make a false motion at me with a tomahawk or a spear, and then, I would scream out. The women kicked up sand into my face, and threw their dirty rags at me. The little children spat upon me. While all this was going on the victors' happiness thrilled the air over the captive. (An Apache is regarded as having but one good use, namely, that of barter.) They cared nothing for the anguish of a child crying for mother, father, friends, and the God that he has learned to believe in—none were with me except the last, and I did not know of His presence. This torture continued for two long hours; then I was taken from the midst of the crowd and put upon a horse and carried away by three of the Indians to be sold.

Never having seen a white man, I imagined him a stern, monstrous being with fiery eyes and a voice of thunder.

We rode along for some time when I espied in the distance a queer looking object, which seemed to rise from the ground. I could distinguish nothing but holes, the larger one being below and in front.

This appeared to me very strange, we stopped at the gate, before this building and I fixed my eyes upon the place. The door began to swing—it opened—out stepped a Mexican. He was tall and lank, with a full black beard down to his breast; he had sunken eyes, a large wide-brimmed hat. His pantaloons were stuck into his boots and his hands into his pockets. There he stood, a representative of civilization.

I sat on the horse a frightened child, half quivering and half ready to cry, as if I were saying "if you don't kill me, I'll do anything for you."

When he spoke, I jumped with fright, tears began to flow from my reddened eyes. At the same time my thoughts were busy comparing him to one I had seen. But to what could I compare a person of so ugly an appearance as to seem more nearly a beast than anything that I had seen in human form. My eyes were upon him and on the house to see whether they were related. "The house must be a slaughter-house," I thought, "and now, I am to be butchered."

We went on again. We had gone but a

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

The Red Man.

FORMERLY

The Morning Star.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Indian Education and Civilization.

The Mechanical work done by
INDIAN BOYS at the
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(Mailed on the 15th of the month.)

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JULY AND AUGUST, 1888.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries, shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

GETTING BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Sec. 13, of the Bill to divide the Sioux Reservation in Dakota provides, "That any Indian belonging to any agency within the said reservation but residing on land not included in any of the new reservations, may at his option elect to have his allotment on the relinquished land."

Sec. 15, provides, "That any Indian who has in conformity with the treaty of 1868 or any subsequent law or treaty, taken allotments within or without any of the separate reservations established by this act, such allotments are hereby ratified and made valid."

It will be seen that while this act is for the relinquishment of a portion of the Indian land it does not dispossess any Indian from a home, but on the contrary establishes them in their homes more securely than heretofore, provided they elect to stay there.

And herein this act differs from the many agreements as to Indian lands that have been made in past years which have generally contemplated and effected the absolute removal of the Indians, thereby breaking up their homes, losing their improvements, and leading to general discouragement and thriftless apathy.

So carefully does the act seem to provide that the Indian may occupy and locate where he is, or pleases, that one is at once reminded of Penn's treaty, where he says, "The Indians were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had relinquished, for it was to be common to them and the English."

It must be admitted, however, that Penn yet has the lead in one important point, viz.: "If any disputes should arise between the two races, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indian."

In this provision of equal representation, is embodied the essence of justice and we may have to follow the wise William in this as well as in his land laws.

All is Well that Ends Well.

It is natural and right for our sympathies to go out towards any of our fellow beings who may be overtaken by misfortune, or who are not as favorably situated as we would like them to be. Doubtless many of the readers of the RED MAN have felt their sympathies drawn out for the poor Apaches forced to leave their mountain homes and go, they knew not whither at the bidding of their white masters.

To all such it may be a relief to know that there are one hundred and thirty-three of this class now at Carlisle receiving just as good a chance as any, and making satisfactory progress in civilized ways and knowledge.

Is it at all likely that this number or a tithe of them would have been as favora-

bly situated for acquiring useful knowledge as they now are had not the Government forced their removal from the west to the east in the way it did? And will not the good that we may expect to result go a long way in reconciling us to what may hitherto have seemed to us a harsh proceeding, and a punishment of the innocent with the guilty?

We may broadly state the situation thus: The guilty are being punished, the innocent are being educated as they could not be in Arizona. While this may not, perhaps, have been a consideration at the time their removal to Florida was decided upon it has undeniably been the result of that move.

THE FIRST ENGLISH LANGUAGE ORDER FOR THE INDIANS.

Mr. Howard's article "Colonial Indian Work," on another page gives us an old version of the severalty act sent from England in 1713 and in force in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

And now not far from two hundred years afterward, the present Severalty Law still connects itself in men's minds with Massachusetts. It is an odd coincidence.

There is another interesting fact which Mr. Howard points out, the fact that the original English language order for Indians did not emanate from the Indian Bureau at Washington, or indeed from the United States Government at all, but was made nearly one hundred years before that Government was in existence. He tells us of the endowment of Honorable Samuel Sewall to the town of Pettaquamscutt to instruct the English there settled, or to be settled as Indians the aboriginal natives and proprietors of the place, to read and write the English language, and the rules of grammar." As Indians and English were in the same town that the latter should speak English was inevitable.

Now this Honorable Samuel Sewall had been appointed by the English Government Secretary—of what? Of an Indian Bureau like ours at present? No, of a "Company for Propagating Religion among the Indians."

It is not generally supposed that in those old days people held their religion less faithfully than to-day. Yet here are the views of one of the best of the old Puritans; he considers the English language a means of propagating religion.

So does the Carlisle school. So do the greater part if not all of the Indian schools, governmental and missionary. Evidently, from its knowledge of facts, so must the Indian Bureau, although it is as the door to citizenship that this enforces it.

But the congregational churches of Illinois have just petitioned Congress for "legislation prohibiting the Executive Department of the Government from restricting the use of the vernacular in the Indian schools."

Even an old time Puritan, was too broad in his views for their acceptance.

FOR THE RED MAN.]

The Fourth Celebrated by Indians.

It is interesting to hear of citizen Indians taking part in the public jubilation with which we greet the Fourth of July. Within the precincts of Bancroft, Nebraska, several Omaha Indian farmers live, and the cordial relation which there exists between white and red men speaks well for all concerned.

This friendliness seems not to be confined to the working-days, as we learn from a late issue of the *Bancroft Journal*. "Long before day the artillery began to boom forth salutes to the 112th anniversary of the birth of our great nation, and in a short time every body was astir preparing for the festivities."

There was a procession, songs by the glee club, the Declaration of Independence was read, an oration given and speeches in response to toasts; that made by Joseph La Flesche, an Omaha, was one of the most interesting features of the day. Mr. La Flesche spoke with great honor of the nation and its flag; with reverence of

God, and with respect of the white people whose ways he has taught his children to emulate. He said he was proud to stand for the first time in his life as a man which the Government by conferring upon him the rights of citizenship, had made him." The *Journal* comments upon the "novelty" of an Indian addressing his townsmen, and says, it was "intensely interesting," not only on this account, "but because of the grand sentiment he expressed."

It is refreshing to read of the local pride of patriotism uttered by the men whose enterprise has broken the solitude of the prairie and made it echo with the hum of busy homes and towns. One would have liked to applaud the speaker who unreservedly cried: "This is the greatest nation in the world; Nebraska is the greatest state in the nation; Cumming County is the best county in the state; and Bancroft the best town in the county, where we have the handsomest women and the homeliest men on earth," Indians not excepted. Nothing daunted, the *Journal* adds: "May the eagle scream among us with a still more powerful voice on July 4th, 1889!"

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

The Fourth of July at Carlisle.

At this school there were no demonstrations, but a parade in town involved a display from our industrial departments. The school band took the lead and the shop-boys, dressed in working clothes and carrying the implements of their trades, marched behind. Then came a float on which were tastefully arranged some of the productions of our various industries. The small boys followed this, drawing the fire-hose, and in the rear was a company of large boys drawing our handsome new fire-engine—Uncle Sam.

The boys marched well, with heads erect and soldierly step, and the display elicited a large share of the applause from the throng who witnessed the parade.

That Ubiquitous English

The *Boston Journal* in a recent article refers to the growth of American sentiment among the German population of the West, and gives as evidence of it a fact contained in the report of the Secretary of State of Ohio. "For many years" states the *Journal* "the reports of the Ohio Commissioner of Labor, Inspector of Factories and Secretary of State have been printed in the German as well as in the American tongue." Now the Secretary in his last report refers to "the significant circumstance that the demand for German copies of State documents has practically ceased." "Not," says the Secretary, "that there is no demand among the Germans for State reports, but simply because as it seems to me, in almost every instance, the German who can read German can also read English, or desires the report for his children who can read English. Germans are as proud of their race and language as the representatives of any other nationality can be. They rather take a pride in knowing that the reports of their adopted State are printed in no other foreign language save their own. Yet as a matter of fact, when one of them calls for a State report, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will ask for an English report in preference to one in German."

What comment is needed upon this evidence of patriotism of a nation growing more united in the homogeneousness of a mother tongue?

No comment, but the command to the educators of all races on this continent, "Go ye and do likewise."

And here is a statement from the *Brooklyn Eagle* showing how much such command is needed. Robert J. Burdette, who has lately visited San Francisco states the *Eagle*, in writing of the Chinese question, says:

One Sunday evening in March Rev. Dr. Hartwell preached in the First Baptist church of San Francisco, and at the close of his sermon baptized six Chinese converts. I think not one of those Chinese Christians could speak a word of English. The prayers and the formula of the bap-

tismal service were uttered in the Chinese language. And Dr. Hartwell hadn't gone to China to seek these men whom he baptized. Oh, no; he found them right in San Francisco. There they worshiped in joss houses and prayed to the heathen gods of their pagan fathers. Here the doctor preached to them and taught them; here they were converted and here they were baptized, while the latest of foreign missionaries, on their way to China to convert the heathen, were hopelessly seasick just out of sight of San Francisco. And there are thousands of these heathens still here. The missionary who goes to China now has to elbow and crowd his way through 30,000 heathen Chinese before he can reach the ship that is to carry him away to the Chinese heathen. Unless this immigration is stopped it may be that by and by a missionary on his way to preach to the Chinese will meet such hordes of Chinese here that he will be unable to force his way through them to reach the Chinese. This would be very sad. I can think of no spectacle that could be more sad, unless it would be the sight of a man lying on the river bank dying of thirst, because the well? was on the other side of the river and he couldn't swim.

DESSIE PRESCOTT.

Among the early pupils at Carlisle was Dessie Prescott, a Sisseton Sioux. She came in the November of 1880, a child of eleven. In the June of 1884 she returned to her home. But in the October of the following year she came back to Carlisle, and remained a pupil of the school until last May, when she was taken to her home at Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, ill.

From this agency under date of June 19, comes a letter saying: "Dessie Prescott passed to her rest yesterday morning about six o'clock. She appears to have died while asleep."

It is no wonder that in the school record book "very good" stands against Dessie's name; it might as truly have been "very lovely," for she had not only bright but endearing qualities. Her blue eyes could gleam with fun and soften with kindness. Not only her immediate friends, but all her schoolmates loved her, and the little girls liked to look up into her face and get her answering smiles.

For two years she had been a pupil teacher in the school and her success in the work, which was great, came not only from her capacity, but from her willing spirit and her sunny disposition. She had a quick perception of the way to meet her pupils individually, she was attractive to the children and what came to them through her interested them.

She had the qualities of leadership, and her place at the head of the procession of girls marching in and out of the chapel was wonderfully appropriate. Tall, straight, lithe, with smiling eyes and steady bearing she would leave her seat in the choir, cross the centre of the chapel, turn and to the music of a march lead out two by two the file of girls.

And she is still leading. The part has been allotted her first to obey the music of that march which will one day find us all fallen into line. And as here in the school she led on to a place of rest and preparation for a new day, so it is now.

The world loses a valuable and much loved citizen in the death of Mr. William Hyde, of Ware, Mass. Mr. Hyde has been for many years prominently identified with missionary work both home and foreign. He was a friend of Carlisle, which has from time to time received substantial tokens of his generosity and Christian thoughtfulness. Mr. Hyde was esteemed as a man rare in counsel and wise in judgment, and was much sought after as an adviser. His name is blessed by many all over this land and on the isles of the sea for what he in his beneficence and wisdom has done.

Twelve numbers of THE RED MEN constitute a Volume, or one year. We print July and August as one number so that our printer boys may get a little rest during the camping season.

AT THE SCHOOL.

The Red Man will not be printed in August.

A number of our teachers are away on their summer vacation.

Mr. Bradford of the Accounts Division of the Indian Office Washington, D. C., spent a day with us, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing spent May and June in England, and Miss Lowe, one of our teachers is there at present.

The shop boys, so closely confined to the house during most of the year, are taking a turn at outside work during vacation.

Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood and Miss Mary Y. Bean of New York City spent a few weeks at the school during the month of July.

Student members of the Y. M. C. A. have during the past year frequently and acceptably conducted our Sunday evening services.

The Carlisle school held its annual picnic at Pine Grove on Tuesday the 19th of June. It was one of the most enjoyable occasions we ever experienced as a school.

Four young men of the Apaches held at Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama, as prisoners of War arrived at Carlisle on the 8th of July. They are bright looking and will learn.

A number of our boys and girls took part in the general exercises of the Cumberland Valley Sunday School Assembly, held in July at Williams Grove, eleven miles distant.

Nineteen girls and seventeen boys have entered our school from Martinsburg, Pa., Indian school, which has been discontinued as such by the Department at Washington.

The Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Methodists of Carlisle have at different times during the month held their annual picnics. On the occasion of each a number of our pupils attended.

Several of our girls have gone for the summer to live in families at the seashore. From their letters we gather they are enjoying daily ocean baths and are having a general good time.

Five men of the Crow tribe who were held as prisoners in Montana for recent depredations were ordered to Carlisle. They arrived on the 1st of July and were entered as pupils of the school.

A photograph of the Apache babies born at the school to young parents who were brought from Florida last year, is a very pretty picture, and may be had for twenty cents, or for one new subscriber to the *THE RED MAN*.

Among others of note who visited the school in June were Rev. Dr. Catell, ex-President of Lafayette College, Rev. Dr. Vance of Chester, this state, Rev. Dr. Howe, of Boston, and Anthony Cernstock, the great reformer.

"I tell you there is no use tryin' to civilize them injuns. It can't be did," said a party in the train the other day as he was passing the Indian School at Carlisle. No doubt if the same man had written the expression he would have spelled civilized s-i-v-i-l-i-z-e-d.

Col. Gardiner, Inspector of Indian affairs, gave our school a careful examination, in June. The Colonel has been in the service for more than nine years and has visited every Indian Agency and every Indian school in the United States, some of them several times. This was his first visit to Carlisle. From here he went to Hampton. Col. Gardiner's time of appointment having expired he is now a private citizen.

On the 6th of July, twenty-one girls and forty boys left our school for their homes in different parts of the west, they having completed the term for which they came to Carlisle.

For a number of weeks past Rev. Dr. Rittenhouse of Dickinson College, Carlisle, has officiated very acceptably at our Sunday afternoon services. The Doctor simplifies beautifully and thus without difficulty holds the attention of his semi-educated audience.

Mr. John McCarthy, Superintendent of the Worcester Academy Vinita, Cheyenne Nation, Indian Territory, spent a few days with us. Mr. McCarthy is a live man in educational matters, and is much interested in the Indian work. Worcester Academy is one of the first institutions of the kind in the Territory.

Rev. W. A. Burman, of Griswold, Manitoba, who is to be Superintendent of the Ojibwa and Cree Indian school to be started soon on the Oak River Reservation, Manitoba, visited Carlisle in July. Mr. Burman is a man of large experience in the Indian work. He seemed much interested in our school, and says he will come again.

In the latter part of June, Mr. Richardville, an educated Miami Indian, who has been spending the winter in Washington looking after the interests of his tribe, visited Carlisle on his way home to Indian Territory. Mr. Richardville is broad in his views on the Indian question, and would have the Indians given the largest opportunities possible to become useful and intelligent American citizens.

School closed the latter part of June, and immediately was begun the work of tearing down the old building which has done such faithful service for the past hundred years, first as quarters for soldiers whose main duty was to fight the Indians, and latterly as a shelter for Indian pupils arming themselves with that which they must have to fight for a place in the world. Mr. Andrew Wetzel, of Carlisle, has the contract for putting up a substantial brick, which is to be fitted out with modern school equipments.

Our Summer School.

A summer school for ten days, because the old school house had to be vacated. Nothing sounds more delightful, and nothing is when this means object lessons under the trees, or a book full of good things without a particle of "dry-as-dust" about it, or a pleasant talk that draws out answering thought and freshens like a clear summer wind.

Indian children appreciate nature. Some one says to them, "Look at these hills with the sunlight on them. Do you like them? Do you think they are beautiful?"

They look at them attentively. They answer quietly for outbursts are not in their line, but the ring of truth is in their words of assent.

A Culprit.

The out pupils in writing to Carlisle sometimes tell of faults of theirs which they hope to mend and of wrong doings that are not to be repeated. These, however, are not all high crimes and misdemeanors. For instance, a penitent Indian girl confesses that she has been doing something which she enjoyed very much but fears that it will not do her any good, she has been reading a novel! To the Indian in his native understanding fiction is falsehood. But it is surprising how soon civilization alters this view.

A New Pronunciation.

In the sewing-room one of the Indian girls was laying the pattern of a waist upon the material.

"Ah, look now, B—," said Mrs. W—; "don't you see that you would waste about two inches of your cloth?" And as she spoke she moved the pattern. "Always try to cut with economy," she went on.

"Oh, dear, you always say that," cried the child, "you always want me to cut economy-cally."

The New School Building.

"Many men of many minds", runs the old proverb, and it is for the progress and prosperity of the world that there is such diversity in tastes and pursuits.

Still, like the humanity common to all races and individuals, there are predilections which have a hold upon men universally, and one of these is building. This universal ambition must be a provision of nature to keep the world habitable.

Men build for amusement, for occupation, for splendor. The satisfaction of building is different from that of planting a garden and watching the growth. Here after our best is done we must leave much to nature. But the man who builds is in a limited way a creator, for from the work of architect who plans down to that of frescoer and paper-hanger everything depends upon his will.

But, after all, the infinite satisfaction is to build for a real need, to have one's work grow, so that it requires more room in which to do it.

This is the case at Carlisle. The work here is growing constantly, and this requires if not "more stately mansions"—for Jeffersonian simplicity is enough to develop the strength of a republic—at least a more ample one. This is the reason for our new school-house. But there is no new school-house yet. Only a ruin! All the boys are at work tearing down the old building; for the new one is to be on its site. And as one beam after another drops down and they see the great spaces yawning in the wall, they shout in triumph.

And while these Indian boys are pulling down the school walls that the better new may replace the old, they are pulling down at the same time other walls, prison walls, those of the reservation. For every school house, every home for Indians that goes up outside the reservation is a stone thrown down from their walls.

Then the more numerous the school-houses and the homes at the East, the more gaps are made in these moss-covered walls.

And so, not Carlisle alone, but all the country, should rejoice in the larger school-house that is to be built here.

Kind Words.

We have always been proud of the great success of our former assistant, then Prof. Lippincott of Dickinson College now Chancellor Lippincott, of the State University of Kansas. The following, from the *State Journal of Kansas*, will gratify many of the readers of the *RED MAN*. The paper owned by the Governor of Kansas says:

"The collegiate year of 1887-8 was one of the most prosperous in the Kansas State University. The number of students in attendance was the largest, and the average grade of scholarship and the marked efficiency of all departments may be regarded as among the very best ever known in that growing institution. Great credit is due the board of regents who have spared no pains to keep the University fully abreast of the times, and to Chancellor Lippincott, who, during the past year, possibly more than in the preceding years of his administration, has conclusively demonstrated special fitness for the important trust confided to him by the people of Kansas. A scholarly gentleman, a wise administrator, a practical business man, progressive and capable in all respects, the people of this commonwealth are to be congratulated upon the fact that Chancellor Lippincott, one of the foremost educators of the land, is at the head of the leading University of the Sunflower State."

A Correction.

ANADARKO IND. TER., 7, 9, 1888.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, CARLISLE, PA., MY DEAR SIR:—It may be proper for me to state that the amount of property belonging to Etahdleuh at the time of his death reported by me as destroyed by the Indians was by no means as great as reported. I was misled by statements made to me coming as I believed from a truthful source. I am glad it was not so bad as at first reported, and this correction should, perhaps, have been made sooner but it was not till long after that I knew any better. Very Truly,

J. J. METHVIN.
Missionary.

The Thlinkets of Alaska.

Carlisle has two boys of this tribe brought to school last December by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson. One is in the tin-shop making tin cups, the other is in the printing office working his way up into usefulness. He was the little fellow who one day cut his hand badly there and went on working without a word. Miss C—, who was in charge then noticed the blood upon it and obliged him in spite of his reluctance to go to the doctor.

Whatever element in our future civilization the Indians may furnish, it will not be that of complaint.

"Few of our Indian tribes," says the *New York Sun*, "equal the Thlinket in the beauty of their woven fabrics, in the finish of their iron implements, and in the remarkable skill they display in carvings of ivory and wood." But many of these native arts are being lost through the commerce brought in by the trading posts.

The Thlinket family forty years ago had twenty thousand people, and now although the tribe has dwindled to eight thousand it is still the largest of the Alaskan tribes. It was the Thlinkets who so bravely and so long fought against Russian dominion.

Lieut. Emmons of the navy who has spent five years in southern Alaska made a study of the tribe and has brought back for the American Museum of Natural History over thirteen hundred specimens and relics of Thlinket manufactures and customs.

A New Lawn Tennis.

It was raining at Carlisle. Occasionally it did this elsewhere also. But none the less it threatened to spoil the fun of the children who wanted to play out of doors.

Four little girls stood looking at one another. What should they do to amuse themselves?

"Let's play Lawn-tennis like the teachers," suggested a Pueblo.

Lawn tennis? The great room in which they were would do admirably for a lawn, it was true, but where were the rackets, where was the net?

But talk of Yankee ingenuity! It pales before the resources of these Indian children.

For in five minutes they were hard at play tossing their balls across a great table turned on its side, and batting them with—tin dust pans!

Quite a Business Woman.

One of our more experienced girls on her return to a farm-home after a brief visit to the school was placed in charge of five boys going in the same direction and who knew nothing of the ins and outs of traveling. Her letter explains the result:

DEAR FRIEND:—I must write right away and tell you of my thoughtlessness and carelessness. I left the four boys under the care of good hands, at Broad St. Station, and should have taken Roger to 3rd and Berks but instead I went to 9th and Green, as it was nearer and I knew more about it, thinking I could get a Newtown ticket there but could not. I then surely thought if I got him as far as Jenkintown, I could get a ticket there for Newtown but when I got there I found I could not get him off to Newtown from Jenkintown so there I was, in a terrible fix as I might express it.

I really did not know what to do, at last I ordered a carriage to take us both out to my place. I stated the case to Mrs. N—and as Mr. N—had not returned from bank I told her I would take him where he might or could make a Newtown train.

I took him to Noble Station and we then took a train for Bethayres, a place about three miles from here (northeast) then we walked over to Valley Falls a stop on the N—Road, and we waited and waited a long time for the 7:02 train. I was determined to see him off all right as I had gotten him on the wrong track.

He was quite uneasy and was afraid Mr. B— would not be there to meet him, so at Bethayres I telegraphed to Mr. B. that Roger would arrive on the 7:37 train. He seemed quite happy then and I do hope and trust he got there all right. Ever after this I shall be more thoughtful and careful when I am under such responsibilities. Your Friend,

(Continued from Third Page.)

little way, however, when I looked back to find whether he were following us. And all along the road my eyes were open to everything. Now and then I could see the curlings of smoke, or herds of cattle grazing in the distance.

Our next stopping place was a great improvement upon the first one. The house was of wood, more simple in construction and the white man's face was not covered all over with hair.

I was taken from horse-back, led to the store-room and treated with cakes and candies. I took to them like a little pig.

While waiting there I looked up to the wall and whom should I see but another boy. He gazed at me constantly and seemed to imitate me in everything. I moved; he moved; I began to grin; that boy grinned; I swung my feet; he did the same. By this time I begun to get my spunk up, and to look around for some way to get even with that lad. I stepped to one side; he disappeared. All I could see now was the counter. It was a long time before I found out that this was a looking-glass, and the boy who had provoked me was myself.

By this time a boy arrived from the pasture with a horse. Judging from the animal's gait his best days were past. The white people tried to trade off the horse for me, but my captors thought I was worth more.

There was another Indian captive, from the same tribe as myself. He asked me where I came from and told me that I need not be afraid. Although so frightened I could not speak; yet I was glad to meet a friend.

As we went on I heard somewhere a sound like a snore, only louder. "It's a late time of day to sleep," I thought, "but maybe it is the custom of the whites to sleep during the day."

Later I found out that the "snore" I had heard was the grunt of a hog.

Towards evening we came to the village of Florence. I was amazed to see so many large buildings. We rode on into the heart of the town, where we halted, tied our horses, went into a house and here into a large square room. The first thing that attracted my attention was a suspicious looking object in the centre composed of a large box with a neck-like projection pointing toward me (a camera on a stand.) I thought this was a gun, so I moved away from that place.

My other Indian friends were talking to one of the white men, while I was entertained by another. He showed me pictures on the wall. When I saw them I thought that holes were made through the walls and I was looking at the landscape through these and that men's faces were taken and placed in the walls.

While I was interested in the pictures, the three warriors stepped out of the room. Presently I looked around, and saw only the two white men. I made a rush for the door. It was locked. I beat against the wall, and struggled in the men's grasp. A new captivity faced me with more terror, because I was still attached to the Indians in so far that they were of my own race.

After struggling a while I fell backward from fatigue and fear. The door was unlocked. I took courage and made a rush out of the house. I looked down the road. I could see no trace of the Indians. Once more the fear of death seized upon me.

I was taken back into another room, and placed before a table on which were knives and forks and food. I did not want to eat, on account of being so thirsty. In my own language I asked for water. The people stood about me to catch the meaning of my words. "Water! water!" I said, but they could not understand my want.

(To be continued in our next number.)

An Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years for murder, interrupted the Judge by asking if the Government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

SEGER'S INDIAN COLONY

Cheyenne and Arapahoe Warriors
Learning to work!

DARLINGTON, I. T., May 25, 1888.

DEAR RED MAN:

Would you like to know how the Indians are progressing at this Colony? If so, please take a trip with me over the district. We can frequently judge better by personal observation than by hearsay. It will take us only three days to make the trip and see every farm, providing that we do not stop too long in one place.

We have an early start, and are going down Cobb Creek. That house you see around the point of timber is where Creeping Bear lives, and there is Mrs. Creeping Bear whipping the pigs away from the door with the dish-cloth.

When we remember that ten months ago she had no house, no pigs, no dish-cloth, we can excuse the misapplication of the latter.

Yes, that is Creeping Bear who just came out of the house and is now sweeping the door-step. There is one little giri, emptying dirty water from the wash basin. She has now taken the dish-cloth from her mother's hand and is wiping the basin carefully.

Let us go inside. Those pictures on the wall were sent from the east, in a Christmas box, as was that cute little match-safe.

Those new chairs and the hand-saw were purchased the last trip to the agency. The looking-glass and towel are late purchases. The window-curtains, though calico, are hemmed and looped back in a civilized way. The cook-stove was issued to them by the Government.

Let us now cross the creek and call on Big Nose. Their little mud house and five-acre-farm nestled in the bed of the creek denotes substantial progress. He has no team yet, and is working his field with a hoe. He plowed the ground with a borrowed ox-team.

The next house belongs to Little Left Hand. Yes, the same who was leader of the Dog Soldiers, and would not settle down. Surely his twenty-acre field and snug house shows that a change for the better has come over the warrior.

Let us step inside! That sewing machine was purchased for Mary (North) Tasso, once a student of Carlisle. She was to pay for it by sewing for the Indians. The machine was really donated, yet the donors thought while the machine was in Mary's hands, they could at the same time utilize her skill for the benefit of the Indians. As Mary left the Colony before the machine was delivered to her, Nettie, Left Hand's wife took it on the same terms, although Left Hand claimed the privilege of paying half of the amount himself, which he was allowed to do.

That student lamp, which was presented to Nettie by her brothers cost six dollars, and looks rather extravagant for the surroundings, as does that eight-dollar clock, yet they are admired very much by visiting Indians.

We must now jog along stopping only to inspect the eight fields of wheat amounting to some forty acres and which promise a good crop. Also the ten fields of oats comprising about fifty acres.

You must notice the field of rye which bows so gracefully in the breeze as if in bashful modesty at being so far in advance of its specie in encroaching upon the hunting ground of the red man.

Yes, that is cotton. Only six acres as a trial crop. If it does well here it should be planted extensively as it would furnish a great deal of hand labor occupation in the Fall after the cultivation of crops is over.

As we travel up the Washita, we can see fields on either side of the river, but no horses. These Indians say they do not want to build until they get their land in severalty. Those cattle belong to the Indians of Prairie Chief's band. Two years ago they had twenty-eight head of cows and calves issued them by the Government. They have now fifty-six head. The Indians of this colony have two hundred and twenty head of cattle, over half being increase.

You ask, "Do they milk cows?"

Yes, they are beginning to do so, and are learning to utilize the milk. Some have tried to make butter and have succeeded very well.

At one time they tried to churn in an old washing machine they found at a deserted ranch. They did not succeed.

Not willing to give it up, however, they sent a young man and his wife to my house, a distance of twenty miles.

Pitching their tent in my door-yard, they remained until the needed skill was acquired.

They went home with a dasher churn and a knowledge of butter-making which they have put to good use ever since.

Those ten goats were purchased by the Indians themselves and they prize them highly.

That flock of sheep was presented by a good friend of the Indians. The fleece from them amounted to \$300 and was shipped to St. Louis.

As we have now reached the limits of the colony and have travelled twenty-five miles, visiting some seventy-five farms that have work done on them, we will return.

But you say "Is not this district too large for one farmer to look after and do justice to the work?"

I once thought so, but since I have divided the district into three smaller ones, and put a returned Carlisle boy over each district, I find I can get along very well.

These boys are well adapted as assistants, as they are used to working under instructions. They work to the plan laid before them. As a rule they are moral and temperate and use no profanity.

Not every returned Carlisle boy would make a good assistant farmer and the same rule would apply to white men.

I offered one Carlisle boy the situation if he would cut off his hair and discard his Indian clothes. He would not do this. A camp Indian hearing of the offer said in regard to the boy that he had a vacuum where the brain is supposed to be located. I have always noticed that a vacuum of this kind could not be filled at school.

A good lady in Boston sends the money to pay these boys wages, at twenty dollars a month. The wages are not high obliged as they are to furnish their own horses and board themselves. It is true they draw rations yet they have to turn them over to some family to have them cooked.

During the week ten or fifteen of their friends are liable to drop in to eat with them. This would completely annihilate their week's rations of three and a half pounds of flour, ten pounds of beef and small piece of bacon.

There might be some soap left which would not be wasted by the Carlisle boy, but as he would have work to do he could not go visiting to get his meals, therefore he would have to buy some rations.

These boys to make successful assistants should be placed in charge of small districts. Several of these districts with a Carlisle boy in charge should be placed under a competent, energetic, industrious and suitable person. He should be responsible for the success of the whole district. At the same time he should be allowed to discharge any one of the assistants who did not prove capable.

There could be gotten up a friendly rivalry between these small districts in trying to raise the most and best crops, making the straightest corn-rows, the best fences, etc. This would tend to stimulate and keep up an interest in farming.

The plan is as practicable as that of Capt. Pratt's in putting the boys out on farms. If they can make good farm hands in competition with white men, why could they not do this work equally as well on their own reservations with men of their own tribe looking at them, after they have worked a sufficient length of time in the east to fit them for the work.

The most essential thing in the successful carrying out of this plan would be to put a white man in charge of the Indian assistants who would work systematically and would be master of the situation.

Many, no doubt, disbelieve in the prac-

tibility of this plan, simply because they never saw it tried. I have seen it tried and I can say in the language of Galileo, "The world does move."

With all the expense incurred each year to educate the Indians those who receive the education should be pushed to the front.

The Medicine Man, the Dog Soldier, the Coffee Cooler should be side-tracked whenever they obstruct the progress of their people. The Carlisle boy who goes to camp and pulls out his eye-brows, puts on a blanket, lets his hair grow long and settles down to a life of idleness should be treated as one who has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If there is any good in him it can only be brought out by adversity.

Well, my friend THE RED MAN, we have talked so long about these Carlisle boys that we have passed by several points of interest. Each house has a history as well as each farm.

I should like to have taken you to the issue pen, to witness the issue of beef-cattle. Not that there is any thing pleasant about it, yet I should like to have you take notice that the old plan of getting on a horse and running the cattle like buffalo and shooting them to death has been done away with. Instead, some of the best marksmen stay on the ground and shoot the cattle as they come out of the pen.

I should also call your attention to the fact that the proverbial sore-backed Indian pony is fast becoming a thing of the past at this colony.

Now I bid you good-bye, hoping to meet you at your next issue when I shall be a quiet listener and you shall do all the talking.

J. H. SEGER.

The New Metlakahla.

In the summer of 1887 seven hundred Christian and civilized natives removed from British Columbia into Alaska. Since that time they have felled the heavy forest trees upon their new village site, erected one hundred temporary log and frame habitations, one substantial guest house, two large buildings, one of which is used as a school and church house and the other as a store, set a good steam saw mill in operation, made thirty new canoes, and sent for machinery for manufacture of fish oil.

During last fall they were so occupied with their removal, that they were unable to lay in the usual supply of dried fish for winter, and grave apprehensions were felt lest there should be much suffering in consequence. Happily these fears were not realized, as an abundant supply of fresh fish was found in their harbor all winter.

It was also feared that, owing to the necessary exposures, there would be an unusual amount of sickness, but the reverse has proved the case. The general health of the community has not been so good for years. Many of our readers, who have been deeply interested in Mr. Wm. Duncan and his people, will rejoice in the progress they have made at New Metlakahla.

Mr. Duncan has a flourishing day school with an enrollment of 170 children mainly under 15 years of age. This school is taught by himself assisted by four native teachers. Not having the facilities for giving his young men an industrial training, 34 of them have been sent to the Sitka Training school.

The evening before they left home a farewell meeting was held. The young men were seated by themselves in front. After singing and prayer Dr. Sheldon Jackson made an address to the parents. He was followed by Mr. Wm. Duncan in a tender earnest address to the young men. Addresses were also made by some of the leading natives. The meeting was one of great solemnity.

The Pipe of Peace of July 13, published at the Genoa, Nebr. Indian School says:

Several of our children left here last week for their different homes their terms of scholarship having expired; we miss their well known faces and trust to hear of their success in the different pursuits in which they shall engage.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT HASKELL.

Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, is one of the wheels in the Indian Industrial School System. They had their Annual Jubilee on the 27th of June, and from a very full account in the Lawrence *Daily Journal* of the 28th we cull the following:

All day yesterday was devoted at Haskell to its annual commencement exercises. The forenoon was occupied by the literary and industrial exhibition. The regular classes were had and all the routine life of the Institute thrown open to the gaze of visitors.

Haskell Institute for the literary and industrial education of Indian children was opened in September 1884 with an attendance of 125. By Jan. 1, 1887, the attendance had increased to 250, and at this time Gov. Robinson took charge of the institution. The roll call now shows 360 names, of which about two-thirds are boys. The students come from the various reservations and remain here for three years, during which time they are taught a trade, and sent back self-supporting and a benefit to their fellows.

Dr Marvin delivered the invocation and the exercises opened with a selection by the band. William Blakeslee, of the graduating class delivered a recitation in first rate style. His manner is earnest and his delivery excellent. A distinct enunciation added much to his declamation. Thirty-one little pupils of room Six marched upon the platform to the music of the band and went through an intricate calisthenic drill with precision and grace. The drill included movements of the body, head and limbs and the movements were accompanied by a rhythmic song. The oration on the "Relation of the Indian and the white man," by Edgar McCassey was well written and delivered. This young man spent five or six years at Carlisle and is one of the ablest students in this year's graduating class. An anthem was sung by the choir under the leadership of Mr. Peairs. Emma Dagenette, a pleasant looking Indian girl gave a recitation replete with good advice to her girl comrades. She was self-possessed and has a good voice.

One of the amusing things on the program was the dialogue between three boys of room Two. It was a whole show. The announcement of more music from the Band was greeted with applause. The band boys are favorites. Lamott W. Premeaux delivered an oration on "The Indian of to-day." Mr. Premeaux is a fine appearing, intelligent young man. His oration was a good exposition of the present condition of the Indian and discussed the rights of the Indian and the duties of the government in relation to the Indian question.

Thomas Kemmes gave a stirring recitation which was well received by the audience. The fan drill was one of the features of the day. It was given by the little girls of room Six and reflects much credit upon the teacher. The little maidens wore brightly colored caps and made a pleasing appearance. The figures were well gone through with. Flirting was rich. After completing the drill the girls gave short declamations and sang a song. At the close of the song, a little boy and girl carried a beautiful basket of flowers to Dr. Marvin and one to Gov. Robinson. Dr. Marvin accepted the bouquet in a neat little speech. Gov. Robinson acknowledged his thanks. A recitation was given by Peter Bursaw. A little hesitancy in delivery marred the otherwise good production. A solo by Hannah Roy was rendered in a strong, clear voice. A patriotic recitation by eight little boys, carrying flags, was a taking selection. "America" was rendered by the Band, school and audience. Moore VanHorn impersonated a Cheyenne chief and appeared in full chieftain's costume. A long head-dress of eagle feathers descended to the ground, and the whole dress was striking.

The chief was accompanied by his wife and two "papooses" habited in plains costume. VanHorn made a speech in the Cheyenne language, addressing Gov. Robinson.

William Blakeslee, a Cheyenne and one of the brightest of Haskell's students interpreted the chief's speech, which space forbids THE RED MAN giving in full.

Gov. Robinson responded and his remarks were interpreted by means of the sign language by Sam Noble.

At the conclusion of the program, Gov. Robinson arose and thanked the audience for their good will towards the Indian school as shown by their attendance, and introduced Gov. Click, who, spoke words, of encouragement, and was followed by Dr. Marvin, Chancellor Lippincott, Judge S. O. Thatcher, Geo. Innes, Mr. J. S. Emery, John Sullivan and others.

Chancellor Lippincott said: "Two or three things have been settled. Our Government is ready and willing to educate Indian children. I believe it might go on even if Harrison were elected president. The Indian children are capable of education too. Haskell proves this. One thing is not settled and must be met.

These Indian people must reach citizenship among us. There is no alternative. Our republic must be composed of one people, not of different races. This school is designed to awake intelligence, which must be under it all. Intelligence lies under citizenship. What shall we do with the boys and girls when educated? They should not be sent back to their homes. I say this is *wrong*. When an Indian learns the handicraft of the white man, let him take his place among white men. I say let these girls and boys live in our midst. This will settle the Indian question.

Of those above noted as taking a conspicuous part in the exercises Edgar McCassey was a student of Carlisle from June 9, 1882 to June 14 1887; Lamott Premeaux from Feb. 20, 1880 to July 6 1885; Moore Van Horn Feb. 3, 1881 to Dec. 4, 1884; Sam Noble from Sep. 6, 1880 to Sept. 18, 1883.

A TRIP FROM RANCOCAS TO BURLINGTON NEW JERSEY.

BY AN INDIAN GIRL ON A FARM.

It was on the 5th of June 1888, on Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock, when two Indian girls Frances King and I went to Burlington, which is five miles from this village of Rancoocas. The lady I live with, — Mrs. L — took us in a carriage to this strange place.

We saw several things that we had not seen before. As we were going on a road we saw there were twelve chestnut trees standing together all in one place, and they were not planted either. One of these twelve trees was bent over far apart from the others. These twelve trees were represented as the twelve disciples in the Bible, and the one bent over that was Judas went astray.

Then we past two Lakes which were called Silver Lakes, they are named silver because the water is so clear and white like silver. Then we drove in through this town, and at the same time we got to the Delaware river, there was a very large boat came up from Philadelphia.

This first boat was Edwin Forest, and the second boat was Twilight. Besides these two large boats, we saw so many small boats floating on the Delaware River.

We drove up three miles along the river. We went up to see the fishing house, where the men are fishing for shad. And across the river we saw the Pennsylvania fishing house, that was on the other side, of the river. Then we drove in some of the streets and there we saw some of the buildings which were built from the time of the Revolutionary War; one of the buildings had number on, 1741, and we saw the oldest Episcopal church, all these buildings very old and odd looking. This oldest town Burlington was settled the same time when Philadelphia was settled.

And we saw the soldiers' grave-yard, each had a flag on them, I suppose they were decorated on the decoration day. As we were going up we crossed a creek which has an Indian name, Assiseunk creek. We saw the beautiful country views in this state, it is very pretty and pleasant to see this part of the country. There is not any hill or mountain. It is so level, and farms all over the country.

We have heard that this place where we are now, was the bottom of an ocean before the Flood come. Sometimes they find dead animals' bones under the ground. But now it is land for people to live on.

The Delaware Indians used to live here, but now they are all dead and gone. The last old Indian man was here, whose name was Lash, but he died too sometime ago. They told us that this old fellow Lash used to come round to the houses in the country and said to the people that he must have what he pleases to have because he had settled this place first.

These people treated him right and were very kind to old Lash until he died then they grieved.

We passed another spot of water covered with trees, and this lady told us a little story about a man who was a drunkard. This man had been drinking whiskey for so long that the people thought he would never get over his drinking, but one night as he was drunk, he came to this spot of water and he laid down among these trees. He heard some kind of noise and it was a bull frog; it sounded to him like this frog was saying, "Now or never, Now or never," so this drunk man thought the frog was talking to him and he never drank any more whiskey. Mrs L — says she will read to me the History of New Jersey, so that I may be better informed. ADELIA LOWE.

Foreign vs. Home Missionary Work.

Joshua Given, of the Kiowa tribe and formerly a pupil of Carlisle is frequently called to speak before assemblages gathered for the discussion of the Indian Question. He has recently addressed several audiences in New England and in the early part of June attended the National Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, held in Chicago. In a personal letter received a few days since Joshua says:

"People need to be told what has been done for the Indians and what is yet to be done for them.

Not long ago I was talking with a man — apparently a good man. He told me that in a certain church a number of boys organized themselves into a missionary society for the benefit of the Indians, and that a certain Rev. Mr. — was elected President of the society. He refused, and gave for his reason that it would greatly interfere with his church work.

A few months later a foreign missionary society was organized in the same church and the Reverend gentleman was instrumental in organizing it, saying — that it was a *grand* work, and should have its place in the church calendar.

The two missionary societies are antagonistic to each other it seems. The Home Mission has an *Indian* for its object, and the Indian is a savage, bloodthirsty, unteachable creature. Therefore it interferes with church work. The Foreign Missionary Society has Africans for its object, and Africans brought civil war, the question of slavery, which caused separation of churches. Missionaries sent to Africa were massacred and some were eaten, therefore it is a grand work and should be supported.

The home Missionary Society is good enough, but it has an Indian for its object and the Indian is always in the way of every promising enterprise."

One Nation.

Governor Lee of Virginia, in an address before the graduates and others assembled on the 24th ult., at the Anniversary exercises of the Hampton Institute, said of the Indians:

I am glad to see the Indian brought in to share the benefits of education and civilization. As a young officer in the United States Army, it was my sad duty to participate in frontier warfare in Texas. Well do I remember lying out all night on the prairie, shot by the hostile arrow of an Indian. I carry the scar here [laying his hand on his side] to this day. Look on that picture of savage warfare, and then look on this before you, where Indian youth sit to learn as our brothers and our friends, and learn, as they have shown us in their beautiful tableau, to help us not only in developing our mechanical resources, but as fellow citizens helping us to make this great republic what our forefathers intended it to be, the glory of America, and a blessing to humanity.

I have read of that dream that Wesley had — a dream of reaching the gate of Heaven, and asking if the Methodists were all there — and the answer came "There are no Methodists in Heaven." And he asked "Are they all Baptists then?" "No Baptists," "Episcopalians?" "No Episcopalians," "Presbyterians?" "No Presbyterians." "Who then are in Heaven?" he asked despairingly. And the answer came back, in grand, sweet sound — "Christians." And Heaven's gate swung wide and as a Christian he went in to join the great company of the redeemed. And so, when the sun's light for the last time illuminates our land from the plashing waves of the Atlantic to the surging billows of the Pacific, may it shine upon one nation, white, black and red, dwelling together as American citizens, in peace and joy and love and unity. — [Southern Workman.

On the Fourth the representation by the Indian School was a great credit to that institution as well as the town. The tailoring, shoemaking and farming departments made a fine showing in the parade and attracted deserved attention. — [Genoa, Nebr. Leader.

No man is held upright simply by the strength of his own roots; his branches interlock with those of other men, and thus society is formed, with all its laws and customs and force of public opinion. Few men appreciate the extent to which they are indebted to their surroundings for the strength with which they resist, or do, or suffer. — [Our Country.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

The bill for the protection of officials in Indian Territory has been signed in both Houses, and approved by the President.

The President has signed the act to amend the Revised Statutes in regard to timber depredations.

The President has signed the bill to authorize United States Marshals to arrest offenders and fugitives from justice in Indian Territory.

Edmund Mallet of Oregon, New York is nominated Indian Inspector instead of Robert S. Gardner.

The bill authorizing the sale of a portion of the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska has passed both Houses.

Thomas P. Smith of Arizona has been confirmed Indian agent for Osage agency in Indian Territory.

The President of the Senate presented claims of the Presbyterian Missionary Board for reimbursement for improvements to the school grounds of the Indian school, Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

The President of the Senate presented the claims of the Creek Indians for reimbursement of expenses of travel and other expenses when those Indians were moved west of the Mississippi River. Referred to Committee on Indian Affairs.

Senator Teller presented a petition of the Cherokee Indians who have removed from North Carolina to Indian Territory at their own expense.

INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL.

The report of the Conference Committee from the Senate and House on the Indian Appropriation bill is accompanied by the Senate amendment.

The Nisqually and S'Kokomish agencies are consolidated with the Quinalt.

The salary of the agent at the Osage agency is reduced from \$2,200 to \$1800.

The salary of the new superintendent of Indian schools is increased from \$3000 to \$4000.

In the money appropriated to the Santee Sioux of Nebraska a change has been made giving to those roaming \$50,000 instead of \$80,000, and to those engaged in agriculture \$100,000 instead of \$70,000.

The amount to Navajo for pay of employes is cut down from fifteen to seven thousand dollars.

\$6000 is appropriated for the support and education of the Seminole Indians of Florida.

Shirley C. Ward is to be paid for his services for the Mission Indians of California.

The amount appropriated for day and industrial Indian schools is increased from \$725,000 to \$750,000.

The appropriation to erect the school building at Carlisle is increased from \$15,000 to \$18,000.

\$10,000 is appropriated to support Indian school at Grand Junction, Col.

The \$20,000 appropriated for Indian schools in Alaska has been stricken out, as these schools are to be provided for under the general education fund for Alaska.

\$25,000 is appropriated for an Industrial school in Ormsby County, Nevada.

It is provided the children of Indians who have accepted lands in severalty shall share equally in school with other Indian children.

The report of the Committee of Conference was agreed to.

We see by *Our Brother In Red* that a former pupil of Carlisle from the Iowa Agency, Nebraska, was sent by his tribe to the International Indian Council, held at Ft. Gibson on the 20th of June.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
And win or lose his all.

Note that the July and August number of THE RED MAN are printed together.

OUR PUPILS' PAGE.

INDIAN PUPILS ON FARMS.

Bits of Experience Found in Letters They Write to the School.

"I was very glad to hear from you and so glad that you told me to save my money I be very much thankful that it is better good enough to put in the bank."

A SIOUX HAS THE RIGHT IDEA.

"I have been well pleased with your kind letter in which you written to James about the boys who came in 1883. I was very glad to hear that you ask them to stay one year more, and but I wish you order them to stay more than one year. I am one of those boys and I know they ought to stay more than one year I should say three years more for those who came in 1883, sir."

A PUEBLO STILL WANTING TO KNOW.

"I like some more learn before I go home, and I will try also at the school, and I like to go back Carlisle next September. I like to learn some in the shops but I am doing all well. I want to learn anything on the farm what to do white people this way. I was very glad to learn English. When I was home I cannot speak to him white people so I am thank to you very much for you make me learn English talk."

CAME IN AUGUST, KNOWING NO ENGLISH.

"Me very busy like pretty little bird. Let me tell you something about what I like to know if I could staid in here whole winter. That is all I think about to-day."

Sioux.

WHAT AN APACHE BOY THINKS OF BLACK BIRDS.

"We all done plant corn, but only one thing we don't like it, that black-birds when we plant corn they pick it up and put it in they mouths and fly away, but I plant over again; this time we have something to make black-birds run away."

FROM A CHIPPEWA GIRL.

"We have a very nice pet rabbit, I always feed it with bread and clover, it drinks milk out of a tea spoon. They have only one child here, he is near my age, he goes to Nottingham Academy. They will have their Commencement on Thursday next. I get the *Helper* every week and the little boy and I enjoy making out the enigmas."

SPEAKS WELL FOR HIS HOME.

"I have been two or three different places but I have never found better home as I have now. I just feel like to spend my life-time here for I don't expect to find another such good home. Our green Indian boy is getting on fine, he is learning how to work but slowly. I would like to stay here another year if Capt. will let me. I know I have been out a good while, but I think Carlisle could get along without me."

Winnebago Tribe.

INDIAN QUARTERLY MEETING.

"Last week we had a visit, that is Richard Davis and Nannie came to see us on Saturday morning at twelve o'clock, but they did not dinner with us because Miss E— want them to dinner with them, but in evening they were up here with Alice Cornelius and Rose Howell, so we were all together, six girls and one boy. We were going to have supper outside in the yard, but it was wind blow and raining, so Miss H— said we better come in house and have supper in their dining-room, so we did and Miss H— is very kind to wait on us, and we had fun about Indian Quarter Meeting; we have ice cream, cakes, strawberries, coffee and some other things. We have fun at the table when we have our dessert, Eliza rung the bell Miss H— came in, she smile at us and then she went to the milk-house and bring in ice cream. Oh! it was too cold to eat, so some of us did not eat all but Richard eat his ice cream and cakes. Oh, we enjoyed ourselves very much."

A GIRL LEARNING TO HOUSE-KEEP.

"DEAR SCHOOL FATHER—CAPTAIN PRATT:—Now I will write and tell you about my home here. I was so lonely when I came first time. As I got here in evening this lady asked me if I know how to make bread so I told her that I know it so she want me to set bread and she says she does not know much about to make bread, and she want me to show how do I make, I just go ahead without wait for her to tell me, but I was little afraid for it might be some sour next morning but Oh! what nice bread I make, it was just as white and soft as can be."

First Monday I was here one colored woman came to show me how to wash the things as she wash them. She was fat, she tell me and she show me how to do and she told me to watch her so I just stood there to watch and try not to forget what she show me. She was washing as fast as she could just little while and then

she stop and look at me as I stood near her and she said, "Please wont you wash little bit while I smoke my pipe?" Oh! I was surprise to see her smoking away with a white pipe. While I was washing I just think this way. She cannot show me or teach me how to smoke while I work, I just think that way. After while she put away her pipe and began work again, but every little while she smoke and takes her long to washing. I am glad she did not come any more. Oh, yes, she ask me if I ever smoke so I told her, "No, sir, I never did or never will smoke a pipe while I work, she just look at me and never say a word because I was cross when she ask me that. I told her, 'What does good to you smoke, I don't see any good thing to smoke,' she never say a word to me, she just keep on washing because she has no business to ask me if I ever smoke. Good-bye."

FROM A LITTLE PUEBLO GIRL.

"We got company here, she is going to stay all the week. My, but I did not tell you anything I was thinking to tell you, about the thunder and storm lightning and everything like that."

"Nellie came down on Wednesday morning before dinner, to ask me if I could go up with her to see girls. We went horse-back we have too much fun, we make the girls feel better, we have nice time all together. I want to learn all I can before I go home. I could bake pies and cook. I had learn good many things since I came down here. I wish you see our garden again the things are just nice. I like to stay here in spring because it is nice. I go to Church and Sunday School every Sunday."

HER FIRST VIEW OF THE OCEAN.

"The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, because it was Children's Day. We came home by the beach, crowds of people were on the beach, it didn't seem like Sunday at all, everything was going on just the same as any other day; the stores were open, people that have stands along the beach were selling their pea-nuts and candy. Well, the ocean is a large body of water,—can't see where it starts and ends; it is in motion all the time; just as we came up on the board-walk a wave came in, how it did dash! The ocean is roaring all the time like a mad dog. The air is very different, before I got home my bangs were straight as a poker, I didn't care how straight my bangs were, I enjoyed seeing the ocean although it made my bangs stiff. I don't see why it is my hair gets so straight in damp weather. Well, I'll not say much more about hair."

FROM AN OTTAWA GIRL.

I received a very interesting letter from one man at home last week, he raised me when I was but a little child. I was only two or three years old when I lived with them, but my mother took me away from him when I was ten years old. He treated me as one of his own children. He was an Indian minister, he said he was glad that I was getting a good education, he said he hoped it will be a benefit to me, and no one can take it from me, if I use it right I will always get along in this world. He said that he has done his part to see that some of the young men and young women who were boys and girls, a few years ago, come out and be useful to their people, setting good examples and being Christian leaders of his tribe. I must write a nice letter to him about Carlisle."

PERSEVERANCE.

"Dear Sir, I am very sorry to say this, I have nose blood all this week also chills too, so I don't feel like it but I try and stick to it what I have work at as you say you want me push hard and show how Indians can work. That is I won't gave up and always try and to do it what I have to do because I don't want 'gave up the ship.' My employer was very sad for me because I am sickness."

"I was by my self in the cars from Gettysburg Junction to Mechanicsburg, from there many workmans were going to their work and they were on the same train with me. It made me think a great deal about my Hygiene book when these men came in how dreadful habit the mans must have, chewing tobacco and smoking, it made me sick. I was glad after they left."

A CHEYENNE CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

"I thank you very much for sending me in the country to learn how the house-work more. I think I never saw before woman as this woman, she is so kind and she talk so nice too. What do you think? We were crossing the Delaware River, which I have been studying this year, I never thought I would cross the Delaware River in my life."

HAS THE MUMPS.

"You would not know your Indian daughter, if you could see her now, she is as fat as raised biscuit."

GLAD SHE CAN'T EVEN THINK INDIAN.

"I am glad because I learn more and more about English language. I don't ought to talk Indian as long as I stay at Carlisle. I could hardly talk Indian, when I think Indian language, I don't know how, but I am glad of it."

Crow Tribe.

WHAT AN APACHE GIRL THINKS NOW.

"Oh! if I only could work faster, I cannot do so I try my best to too, somehow I cannot succeed. I guess it is not my nature to work fast, I always did work slow, every since I knew how to work. I was thinking the other day that Indians used to be here long ago but that time they didn't know what education was, they were just moving from one place to another, hunting and fighting each other. There are Indians yet in this valley, not many, but two, they are not living in tents or wigwams or roving around hunting for some kind of prey, but these two are hunting for an education. I wonder what this country would be if the white people didn't come? go to waste, I guess."

The following is an extract from a Pawnee Chief's letter to his daughter here at the school. Comanche Chief was very much opposed to his daughter coming east, but she insisted until she got her father's permission.

DEAR DAUGHTER: I was very glad to hear from you, it makes my heart glad to receive your letter; all the folks are well, we have good crops now, we live in a good house and got it fenced in; next thing is to plant trees around the house. We have long looked for you to come home, but I think you know what is best for you now, though we would like to see you home. We all send love and hope you will write soon to your loving father,

COMANCHE CHIEF.

A Carlisle Comanche boy Heading a Party of his own Tribe not in School.

The following from Cheape Ross, now at work on a Texas ranch, speaks for itself:

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, July 2, 1888.

SIR:—I got your kind and welcome letter the other evening and was very glad to hear from you all. I will be very glad to receive those papers you are going to send me. I know I will be very glad to have them here once a week, but the trouble is I cannot be here in one place all the time. I am like a cow keep going about all the time. I might be here one day and then next day be away off some place working.

You know very well how it is if a man works for a cowman, he cannot be at one place all the time. He has to go and hunt cattle or horses. It takes a person to get back to the ranch a long while. It sometimes takes a man one long month.

You can tell all the Comanche boys there for me that I want them to stay there till they do learn. I know very well that it will be a great useful to them if they learn something.

There are four Comanche boys working here, with me. Most of them work well. They like to work. Mr. B. gives them \$20 a month. I wish you would write to me often. I am always glad to hear from my former school. Yours truly,

CHEAPE ROSS.

From a Former Apache Pupil.

Under date of June 19th, Michael Burns writes from San Carlos Agency, Arizona:

DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter of the 5th of May I have just received, and I was very glad to hear from you and learn much news from my old school place.

I went to Tucson with ten Indian witnesses and ten prisoners. I will explain to you a little of the cause.

We heard of a fighting trouble between two bands of the San Carlos Apaches. This was reported early in the morning and two companies of the 10th Cavalry and a company of Indian scouts commanded by Capt. Lee of the 10th Cavalry went to the battle ground.

Six of the ones who started the fight were finally captured, they having killed two men of the other band, making the total number who were placed in prison, ten.

They were to be tried at Tucson so they were taken to the railroad in wagons. A company of the 10th Cavalry and part of the Indian scouts, San Carlos Apaches, took them. Another young man and myself were along to act as interpreters in the court.

The San Carlos Agency is placed on the north of the Gila River. On the north-west side of the river is the boundary line of Gila county, and on the south side of the river is Graham county. When we reached Tucson we found that the prisoners had to be tried in the county that the murder was committed.

Three of them had killed a man in Graham county and they had to be tried in Tucson, which is the county seat, but

the other seven had to be taken to Phoenix, which is the county seat of Gila county, so we had nothing to do but to return to the Agency.

On the 10th of May we started for Phoenix. We travelled over a very rocky country and it took us five days. We crossed the Maricopa desert, about sixty miles.

Six of the Indians were found guilty of murder in the first degree, one was acquitted he having killed a man in self-defence.

When all were tried we started on the homeward journey and made the trip in three days.

There are 5,800 Indians here at San Carlos Agency, representing different bands of the Apache family. The Mojaves and Yumas speak one tongue. The others are the Tonto's, San Carlos, White Mountains and Chiricahuas. They speak one language, and different from the Mojaves and Yumas.

We have a new agent here of the 24th Infantry. Capt. Pierce has gone to join his company over on the Pacific coast.

The Indians are all quiet at present and harvesting their barley and wheat.

Please remember me to all of my school-mates.

Yours, etc.

M. B.

COMPOSITION BY A SMALL CHIPPEWA.

About Sugar Bush.

Sometimes at home we all go to the sugar bush and we make sugar and molasses. First we tap the tree and put something so to make the sap run down into the bark dishes and after the bark dishes are nearly full, we get the sap and put it in barrels and we always have ten barrels; we measure how many gallons there are and as we measure, we put it into big brass kettles and we sometimes boil the sap all night. My father and I and brother watch the sap so to see that it doesn't run over. In the kettles we put lard first so the sap will not run over. Sometimes it boils over but we stir it up and after it is morning it gets to be a little browner and after a while it changes to molasses and we sometimes put it into little pans and after it is hard, we take it out and make another and another till we get enough for a couple of days, and next we stir the molasses and after it changes into sugar, it has a different color, sometimes is yellow and sometimes brown and it looks like sand, it is sweet. I suppose the Man-on-the-band-stand would like it for it says in the *Indian Helper* that he has one sweet tooth.

FRANK BRESSETTE.

Under the Rose.

Miss B. often takes roses to school for her boys.

One morning, however, they looked in vain for the accustomed bunch of them upon her desk.

"Where are the roses?" they asked. "Why, you had them yesterday," she said "I have none for you to-day."

The boys turned away regretfully. One looked back and with a smile half roguish half coaxing said. "We want them every day."

That afternoon the roses were forth coming. In receiving them one boy whispered to his neighbor. "We ought to study harder for this."

A Business Note.

"Please give to these ten cent the man on the band stand I would like to read his paper every week what is going on Good bye from T—."

Apache.

In May and June there is always fine fishing to be found in Indian Territory, especially in the Choctaw county. Trout, white perch, buffalo and catfish are there in abundance.

STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to THE RED MAN, we will give the person sending it a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and trifle of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TWO, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, two photographs showing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For THREE, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

Unless the required postage accompanies the names, we will take it for granted that the premium is not desired.